

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, November 13, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XI.

—A matchless pair!—

With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace;
Her the mild lustre of the blooming Morn,
And his the radiance of the setting Day.

THOMSON.

DE LACY did not suffer a long time to elapse before he reminded Matilda of her promise to become his wife: conscious of his worth, she hesitated not to fulfil her engagement. The Countess did not for a moment withhold her consent; and, at the earnest entreaty of the beloved couple, Sir William and Lady Barome stayed to witness the nuptial ceremony; and the enraptured Valtimond received the hand of his bride from Sir William.

All was joy and festivity at the Castle, the departure of Sir William and his Lady being the first interruption to the general felicity, who repaired to his chateau, which being not far distant afforded them means of frequent communication.—Blest with the idol of his affections, time flew swiftly over the head of Valtimond, when an order from Court arrived for him to head the troops under his command at ——. This stroke was as unwelcome as unexpected, and to part with Matilda he deemed worse than death; yet there was no alternative. In the happy peace which he had lately enjoyed, he had neglected, as was his intention, to resign his command, which now, in the hour of danger, not even the tender

love he bore his wife could tempt him to do at the expense of his honour.—Gladly would Matilda have followed him to the camp; but that her particular situation, and the tender duty she owed to her mother in her declining years forbade.

Lady De Warrenne was sinking fast into infirmity, and needed all the soothing cares of her daughter to comfort her remaining hours; but, as the period of separation drew nigh, it required all the solace of conscious rectitude to support the keen distress of the moment. All the difficultly-acquired fortitude of Matilda failed her when De Lacy, clad in armour, presented himself before her. Then did all the horrors of war rush upon her distracted mind; her active fancy presented him bleeding—dying—trampled upon by the horses of the enemy in the heat of the contest!—The picture was too much; she clung round his knees, entreating not to be separated from him.

Again he tenderly embraced, and begged of her, for his sake, not to give way to such transports; his accents alone had power to soothe her, and she promised attention to his request. Delighted to find her more reasonable, he once more folded her to his bosom, and promising to write at every interval, he tore himself away.

The clamorous noise of hostile music raised his drooping spirits; his pulse beat high with heroic ardor; and soon every thought was buried in the dear but dangerous pursuit of glory. A sharp engagement ensued, in which Valtimond had the pleasure to signalize his valour by several acts of intrepid courage;—he returned with his party, triumphant. His first care was to dispatch his aid-de-camp with the joyful intelligence of his safety, and increasing fame, to Warrenne Castle; and he waited the congratulatory answer of his Matilda with all the impatience of the most ardent lover.

Meanwhile, Matilda had become the joyous mother of a sweet little girl, which was baptized by the name of Constantia. The fond mother beguiled the tedious hours of her husband's absence in tracing in its infantile features a resemblance of her beloved Valtimond: the eyes, which were wholly his; the delicate complexion, possessed by Lady De Warrenne; and the arch turn of the mouth, which distinguished her own,—were enumerated with rapture.

The arrival of De Lacy's letter gave her sensations of the most exquisite delight; and she trusted that the pleasing intelligence which she had to return would compensate for the toils of an arduous campaign. She presented her infant to the aid-de-camp and desired him to give his master a faithful picture of its every feature: then, pressing the infant to her bosom, she overwhelmed the welcome messenger with remembrances to her husband.

Her sole consideration now was, the education of her child, to which she entirely devoted herself. She would sometimes mount the battlements, and with a telescope endeavour to distinguish the flying colours of the English troops. One evening, while occupied in this manner, she espied a soldier riding with the utmost speed towards the Castle. Her trembling heart beat strong with the hope of it being De Lacy, and she eagerly descended with the child in her arms. She had scarcely gained her apartment when his aid-de-camp appeared.

—"Speak—speak!"—she cried:—"what means this extreme haste?"

"Prepare yourself, Madam," said Osmond, "for alarming intelligence! My master is—"

—"I know!—I know!" screamed Matilda—"he is dead!"

"No—no—Madam; not so bad. But

I am sorry to say he is dangerously wounded."

This unhopcd for reprieve was comfort to the agitated mind of Matilda, and mitigated the pain which she would otherwise have felt at the bare idea of his being wounded.

"Oh! take me to him!" she exclaimed, "I will fly this instant—My presence will, I know, give him satisfaction."

"I fear you will not be able to bear the fatigue, Madam, of so long a journey," said Osmond. "My master is well attended, and will, in all probability, be recovered with care."

"Talk not of fatigue," replied Matilda, not attending to the latter part of his address:—"Is not De Lacy in danger!—and shall any consideration prompt me to neglect him? No! were the troubles tenfold, I would fly to my husband!"

Constantia climbed her knee, and looking piteously in her face, said—"What, leave me, Mamma!"

Matilda pressed her with a despairing look to her breast:—"Sweet girl, I must leave you: but I shall soon return, and bring your father to you."

Matilda then threw her arms round the Countess's neck—"For you, my mother, I know what must be your feelings, from the conflict I sustain in leaving you and that sweet babe; but I know that under your protection she will be safe and happy. I well know, that no selfish consideration will make you judge hastily of my conduct."

Lady de Warrenne, worn down with age and sorrow, could ill support so severe a shock as the deprivation of her only comfort; but she struggled with her feelings, and endeavoured to appear tranquil. The youthful and tender herald, Osmond, was melted to tears at the tender scene that took place.

The horses were by this time ready, and Matilda, again recommending her child to the care of the Countess, took a hasty kiss, and ran from the gate, not daring to trust herself with a future view of objects so dear. Osmond, with agitations scarcely inferior to her own, assisted her to mount, and they were presently out of sight. Matilda was roused from her meditations by the strange behaviour of Osmond, who, often fixing his eyes upon her, would heave a profound sigh, and then relapse into his wonted insensibility. The continual repetition of this could not but excite the curiosity of Matilda, and she regarded him with a look of surprise. At this the cheek of Osmond glowed with scarlet; and, to avert her piercing eye,

he would point out the various objects by which they passed on the road; then again sink into a profound reverie.—Rather alarmed at this inconsistent behaviour, Matilda began to entertain suspicions not much to the advantage of her companion, mixed with vague apprehensions for her own personal safety. Her alarm was quickly banished, when, with joy almost amounting to frenzy, she saw the tent of De Lacy, which Osmond pointed out to her at a short distance. She quickened her pace, and not attending to Osmond, who attempted to assist her, she sprung from her horse, and sunk, almost lifeless, on the couch of her husband.

Osmond passed his hand across his eyes, (while De Lacy rapturously folded Matilda in his feeble arms) and no longer able to hide his feelings, rushed out of the tent.—Matilda's eyes pursued him; then turned them with an expressive look on her husband.

"I understand you, my love," said Valtimond; "you pity our poor Osmond. Unhappy youth! I fear some misfortune lies heavy at his heart. He is a faithful and affectionate lad; but I have reason to suspect that the severity of his misfortunes is the cause of his eccentric conduct. I have a great regard for him; but there is a shyness in his manner that I can in no way account for."

Time flew swiftly while discoursing of their Constantia; and the mind of De Lacy was so much eased since his interview with Matilda, that his wound gave him but little inconvenience, and a short time restored him to perfect health. Ever anxious for her welfare, Valtimond hinted, that, dear as her society was to him, her return to Warrenne Castle was indispensably necessary, after so long an absence: she sighed compliance, and the next day, took an affecting leave of her husband.

Attended by the still dejected Osmond in her melancholy journey, to beguile the tediousness of the way, she drew her companion into conversation, and endeavoured, with the most cheering expressions, to dispel the gloom that yet clouded his brow. The sound of approaching horses interrupted their discourse; and casting a timid glance around, Matilda perceived at a small distance a party of soldiers, who were advancing towards them. Though unconscious to what she could attribute her terror, she made an involuntary start: the reins dropped from her hands; and the horse finding himself without a curb, and being a mettlesome animal, he set off with a most alarming speed. Pro-

videntially a young soldier sprung forward, and arrived soon enough to snatch Matilda from the horse before she sustained any material injury, and supported her almost lifeless to a bank. By this time the rest of the party were come up, and surrounded them.

Osmond, anxious for the safety of his lady, made his way through them; but no sooner beheld the youth by whom she was supported, than, after a loud shriek, he sunk senseless at their feet. The soldiers crowded about him, and opening his coat to give him air, discovered, to their very great astonishment, that it was a woman.—Matilda, roused from her temporary fright by the manifest surprise on all sides, now beheld the youth who had caused all the alarm, bending over the unfortunate girl with evident emotions of tenderness. Unclosing her eyes, she fixed them on him with a look of supplication, and, grasping his hand, cried—

"Forgive me, Albert!"

"Dearest Olivia!" replied Albert, "why distress yourself thus?"

He then added something in a low voice, which recalled the colour to her cheeks; and bowing respectfully to Matilda, with an apology for the trouble he had so unintentionally been the occasion of, was about to depart. Matilda called him back.—

"Stay, Sir:—permit me to observe, that as this lady has accidentally disclosed the secret of her sex, she cannot with propriety continue any longer in the character which she has assumed. If, therefore, it is agreeable so yourselves, she is welcome to a secure asylum at Warrenne Castle, until she can be removed to her advantage."

Albert started, and for a time appeared too much embarrassed to reply: then bowing, said—"Lady de Warrenne, I presume?"

Matilda explained to him his mistake; and again demanded of Olivia, if she was willing to accompany her home.

She cast her eyes timidly towards Albert; his spoke approbation; and, with many expressions of gratitude, Olivia accepted the generous offer. Matilda then dispatched one of the inferior soldiers to De Lacy with an account of the adventure; and taking a polite leave of Albert, they (being but a short distance from the Castle) continued their way without an escort, and arrived there without having exchanged a word.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OBSERVATION.

IN every profession, every one affects to appear what he would willingly be thought; so that we may say, the world is composed of nothing but appearances.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN.

Having a desire to contribute my "mite," to your useful Repository, I send the following; although you will not find in it, the elegance of dignified language, you must certainly perceive that I possess a desire to inculcate on the minds of the female part of the community the necessity that exists for them to adhere strictly to virtuous principles and moral precepts. I am,

With great esteem, your friend,
M.

To the Female Sex.

NO. 1.

LADIES,

THRO' the medium of the Philadelphia Repository, (a paper conducted by a gentleman, whose desire to inculcate on the minds of his readers, the advantages of living a virtuous life, "without spot or blemish," are equalled by my own,) I beg leave to address you on subjects which materially affect your interest with the male sex, and which attract contempt, rather than the regard, which should be paid to those whom we ought to consider as helps, qualified in almost every manner to be our friends—The first subject is of great magnitude, a subject which has drawn forth the admonitions of the aged, the spleen of the bachelor, and the envy of the satirist—I refer to your dress, which, though fashionable, tends in a great measure to make you disesteem virtue; despise the advice of the best of parents, and subject yourselves to the degrading and insulting effrontery of men. I have little to expect from the efforts of my pen, after the time and paper which has been wasted to reclaim you, should not your own sense of propriety call you from your "evil ways," and make you act aright.—Be no longer inattentive to your interest, no longer callous to the advice of one who admires your virtues and commiserates your folly.

AMATOR VIRTUTIS.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"The ancient inhabitants of the Canary Islands had the following method of embalming. The dead body was deposited in a cavity, adapted to its size, hewn out of a rock. The stone being of a porous nature, the animal juices were absorbed, or filtered through, and the solid parts, with their natural skinny mantle, indurated, by a process of natural embalming, to such a

degree as to resist the future assaults of time. They are still exhibited, by the natives of those islands to strangers who visit them, with the emotions of pride and veneration; as the images of their illustrious ancestors were ostentatiously displayed by the patrician families of Rome."

ANECDOTES.

A Gentleman in company with a fine lady, could not forbear telling her, that she was wondrous handsome. "Sir," says the lady, "I thank you for your good opinion, and wish with all my heart I could say as much for you too." "Why, you might, Madam," says the gentleman, "if you made no more conscience of a lie than I do."

A prelate of Gascony, having been elected Pope, in 1305, deputies came from his province to congratulate him, and declare their joy at his exaltation; their compliment being ended, one of them said to him,—*"Holy Father, we are also come, in the name of your dear countrymen, the Gascoons, humbly to entreat you to employ in their favour, the absolute power which it is said, you have upon earth. You well know, Holy Father, the barrenness of your poor country, whose inhabitants reap so little corn, that they are obliged to feed upon Chesnuts, to support themselves half the year; bestow on it, therefore, the fertility it wants; and grant that it may, henceforward, produce two harvests every year."*—The kind Pope, who would not disoblige them on so small a request, replied,—*"That he did, with pleasure, grant them their petition; and that as a still greater mark of his affection, he would add another gratification to it, which was, that whereas other provinces were allowed but twelve months to their year, the Gascoons, through his special privilege, should have twenty-four in every one of theirs."*

ABULFEDA,

AN Arabian philosopher of the desert, being asked one day how he came to know that there was a God, replied, "In the same way that I know, by the prints that there are made in the sand, whether a man or a beast has passed before me. Do not," added he, "the heavens, by the splendor of the stars, the world by the immensity of its extent, and the sea by the infinity of the waves that it rolls, sufficiently make known to us the power and greatness of their author?"

Another Arabian having the same question put to him, replied, "Does it require a flambeau to see the sun?"

A DREADFUL LOSS.

One evening, last week, a genteel and handsome lady, rode through Paddington, on horseback, with two gentlemen. It was observed that she made a halt, and that one of the gentlemen alighted and searched the road; but in a few minutes they all rode away, the lady holding her handkerchief to her mouth. Next morning early, the gentleman and a genteel woman, the lady's maid, were seen searching the road, turning up the dust, and inspecting the mark of every wheel, and every horse's hoof. The people inquired what they had lost, and offered to assist them; but the object of search could not be described, and public curiosity was wonderfully excited, when it was said, the articles lost were such as the poor people would not even pick up, if they saw them, tho' they were worth 10 guineas to the lady by whom they were lost. This excited the curiosity of the people to the highest pitch, and every one was puzzling his head to solve the riddle. The entreaties to know what it was that was lost, of course increased, and the astonished croud around the searchers increased also, pressing their offers to assist in the search, and making no doubt of success if they knew but what to look for. At last, the lady's maid whispered to a young woman, it was two of her mistress's front teeth, which she set great store by, as they were very beautiful, and her mistress saw them drawn from the mouth of a healthy young woman—The false teeth were then whispered from one to another, till the secret was known to the populace, consisting of farmers, servants and laborers, from the canal, who laughed so loud and set up such a shouting, roaring and bellowing, about the false teeth, that the gentleman and lady's maid walked off unsuccessful with a large mob at their heels. [Lon. Pap.]

"A man," says a certain philosopher. "who wears finer clothes than he can afford, is like a person who puts on rouge, whilst he has an ulcer that is eating him up."

EPIGRAM.

On the Marriage of John Jovs, to Mercy Bond.
THOUGH JOHN for MERCY loud had pray'd,
And many schemes for MERCY laid;
Yet MERCY still—of Hymen fond—
Put off her Jovs, and kept her BOND.
JOHN (parry'd thus) the Vicar ply'd,
And soon his Reverence MERCY cry'd:
Consenting MERCY hear'd his voice,
Gave up her BOND for dearer JOVS.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

National University.

THE establishment of a national university, as recommended by Gen. Washington, is not, I hope, totally relinquished. It is a plan actuated by the most enlightened and liberal policy. Such an institution would give a tone to science. It would give dignity and importance to liberal pursuits. It would reflect lustre upon our national character; if indeed we have any. Nor can I conceive the idea to be of a party complexion. Each party would alike participate of its benefits.

Such an institution would tend to reconcile political enemies. Than which, nothing perhaps is more desirable. It is a fact, deeply to be deplored, that the eastern and southern states harbour strong prejudices and animosities against each other. This antipathy may generate feuds that may have a fatal termination. The political atmosphere is already squally and portentous. Indeed, some persons are already perversely aiming at a separation of the union. The fatal consequences of such an event, may be easily anticipated. Hence the utility of any conciliatory measure. Now I cannot but think that an intercourse betwixt ingenious young men from various parts of the continent, would in a great degree destroy those ill-founded jealousies and prejudices which at present unhappily prevail. Young men in the mutual pursuit of knowledge, possess on openness, and a candour, which we look for in vain in persons of a more advanced age. Prejudices become rivetted by age, and not unfrequently acquire a permanent ascendancy.

Our national legislature, in whose hands the power of establishing this institution is lodged, have hitherto done nothing to promote science. At least, nothing effectual, nothing worthy the representatives of a great republic. This trait in our character as a nation, is a vile and a degrading one, however varnished over by a pretended love of economy. It discovers a creeping sordid baseness of spirit, a gothic indif-

ference to the arts that "embellish life," and a mercenary devotedness to wealth. Will a body which is alone clothed with efficient power suffer literature to group its way unassisted, or perish in its pilgrimage. It is no wonder that *genius sickens under our skies*, which indeed are not so inclement to the germ of science as its natural parents. France, with all her crimes, of which the newly established despotism, in my opinion is not the least, nobly cherishes genius, and successfully cultivates literature. Such was the conduct of the Grecian republics. There the rulers vied with the most ardent and munificent individual, in rewarding the efforts of genius. To this cause, much more than to their martial achievements, may be ascribed that unfading never-dying glory which they acquired. Public rewards and honours were there decreed to philosophers, historians, poets and orators. Poetry, sculpture, and music, were there carried to the highest perfection, and received appropriate honours and rewards. Every method which could animate genius, and eternalize works of art, were patronized with a noble enthusiasm by the Athenians. Thus a taste for whatever is chaste, beautiful, and sublime, was widely diffused. When shall we see a Demosthenes, a Pericles, a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle, a Xenophon, a Thucydides, an Euripides, a Sophocles, a Herodotes, a Phidias, a Zeuxis?

The grovelling, penurious and ungracious conduct of the people of New-Jersey on a former, and not a totally dissimilar occasion, appears to have actuated our supreme council. Princeton College, which has ever struggled against pecuniary embarrassments, applied to their assembly for assistance. Relief, after much exertion, was partially granted. A small sum was voted, and applied to the contemplated purpose. This act of the assembly, the only one ever made by that body in behalf of science, excited a monstrous clamour. The members who voted for the appropriation, were denounced by the infuriated populace. Their crime was deemed inexpiable, and a majority of those who voted for the grant, were left out at the succeeding election. If it were not for Princeton College, I am at a

loss to know what public institution New-Jersey could boast of.

If literature, and literary institutions, are thought unworthy the guardian care of our lawgivers, we may justly anticipate the contempt of all enlightened nations.

SENEX.

Economical.

On the use of Lime with Gun-Powder, in rendering Rocks and Stones.

By H. D. GRIFFITH.

I WEIGHED out two pounds of gun-powder, and one pound of quick-lime, well-dried and pulverized; which, after being thoroughly mixed with each other, I delivered to the blaster, with directions to apply it, in similar quantities, as he would have done the gun-powder by itself. I then selected six of the hardest granites I could find for the experiment; and the effects of the explosion were perfectly the same as if gun-powder alone had been used. It now occurred to me that this might be fallacious, and that a smaller proportion of gun-powder would produce the same effect as a larger: I accordingly ordered the man to bore holes in a similar number of stones, of the same texture and size of the former, and to put in a less quantity of gun-powder by one third, than he would have done if it had been left to his own management. The stones were separated by the shock; but the difference in the effect was manifest to every person in the field; those with the mixture of lime and gun-powder having been much more effectually broken and shattered than the others.

After the success of this experiment, I have constantly adhered to the practice;—and am so satisfied of its utility, that I wish to see it more generally adopted. One thing is certain, that a mixture composed of equal parts of quick-lime and gun-powder, will explode; and, if this mixture were used merely as a train of communication to the powder within the stone, what a national saving would it be in the works carried on upon an extensive scale, such as the numerous quarries and mine-works of this kingdom.

IMPROVEMENT IN WHITEWASHING ROOMS, &c.

ROOMS, Halls, &c. painted in distemper, or whitewashed, either rub or peel off: the following has, from experiment, been found a cheap and complete remedy,

viz. use skimmed milk, in lieu of water, and without any other size whatever; for instance, for a room of moderate dimensions, mix a little whitening with two or three quarts of milk, and if for white use the mixture; if for pink, after one coat of that mix milk and whitening; if for yellow, use Dutch pink. Walls painted in this manner will neither soil the hands or clothes, decency and economy may be united, as any handy person may give a room a coat of this paint in about an hour. For painting on decayed figured paper, two or three coats of the first mixture made thick with whitening, will be necessary to obliterate the figure, which can be done most effectually, so as to look as well as new, and with an annual coat of first white, and then any other colour desired, will last for many years. It may be necessary to observe, that milk possesses a mulcilaginous quality; as a proof of which, any thing written with a black lead pencil, and made wet with it, cannot afterwards be erased, even by the Indian rubber." [Bel. Pap.

REVENGE EXEMPLIFIED.

NO wounds are more incurable than those of honour. In almost all nations and ages, men have willingly sacrificed their lives rather than pocket an insult, and we seldom suffer unjustly without wishing to retaliate the injury, invariably presuming that we have a right to treat others as we ourselves have been treated.

One of the most striking instances of this kind is recorded of a young Spanish officer, who being ordered on service to some of the West-India Islands, happened to settle in one where the Governor or Viceroy had made a law that no Indian should be employed in carrying the baggage of Europeans. The young officer, whose name was Aguirra, notwithstanding engaged an Indian or Negro in carrying several parcels belonging to him. He was instantly accused, and condemned to the usual punishment, which was, that the criminal should be whipped on an ass. Great intercession was made for him without effect. With much ado, however, a reprieve was at last obtained for him for a fortnight, which reached him just as he was set on the beast stripped, exposed, and prepared for punishment. "Nay," says Aguirra, "the shame is suffered, and I am only reprieved for a fortnight; executioner, do your business, and return the tyrant his reprieve. The sentence accordingly took its course, and the young man endured the punishment

which he had incurred. But he never after could be brought to associate with gentlemen. He was constantly strolling about, gloomy and melancholy, in solitary corners. Soon after the Viceroy was removed, and another sent in his stead. Aguirra was still seen hovering round his palace. On this he was advised to move, which he did from the Havanna to Quito, which is 900 miles. Thither in a week's time Aguirra was seen to have followed him, as close as he could. From thence the Viceroy removed to Mexico, which is at least 1800 miles, and in about a fortnight, there Aguirra was also. "I am resolved," says the Viceroy, "to tire this fellow out!" And so transported himself from thence about 3000 miles; but there also did he soon find Aguirra.—"Nay then," said the Viceroy, "I will fly the villain no more, but keep guard about me, and defy him!" which he did. But the palace-gates being one day open, and the guards engaged in play, Aguirra entered, boldly mounted the apartments, and there finding the Viceroy single and unarmed, stabbed him to the heart, and having no means of escape, stabbed himself at the same time.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE *Ornithorhynchus* is about 17 inches long, and 11 inches in circumference. It is found only in the fresh water lakes, in New South Wales: it does not swim upon the surface of the water, but comes up occasionally to breathe, in the same manner as the turtle. The natives sit on the banks with small wooden spears, and watch them every time they come to the surface, until they get an opportunity of striking. When they are taken on shore they use their claws with so much force, as to oblige the natives to confine them between two pieces of board, while they are cutting off the barbs of the spear to disengage it. When loose, they run upon the ground with as much activity as a land tortoise. It inhabits the banks of the lakes, and is supposed to feed in the muddy places which surround them,—but the particular kind of food on which they subsist is not known.

ADVICE.

It was a good advice one gave to a spendthrift, who wanted to borrow money of him,—"Borrow of your back, and borrow of belly, my good friend; they will never afterwards dun you; whereas I should be plaguing you all day long for what I had lent."

Affecting Letter of Columbus.

Translated from the Moniteur, (a Paris paper) for the National Intelligencer.

The letter we present to our readers, bears every marks of authenticity. It is extracted from a manuscript at Jamaica, and appears to have been written after the last voyage of Columbus; at an epoch when having completed his rich and important discoveries of Veragua, Mexico, and all the coast of Terra Firma, from the Gulf of Honduras, to the mouth of the Orinoko, he was constrained by the ruinous state of his vessels, to go ashore at Jamaica; where he suffered all the extremes of misery. Cruelly tormented with the gout, abandoned by the greatest part of his crew, his provisions exhausted, and exposed to constant war with the natives, he had no other resource, than sending information of his condition to St. Domingo. He dispatched a confidential servant, in an Indian canoe, who was probably the bearer of the following letter, and papers mentioned in it, and which happily arrived at their destined place. But it does not appear, that the letter ever reached the court of Spain.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS TO THE KING OF SPAIN.

Jamaica, 1503.

FROM Diego Mendes, and the papers I send by him, your majesty will learn the richness of the gold mines I have discovered in the province of Veragua, and the intention I had formed of leaving my brother at the river *Berlin*, if the vicissitudes of life and the decrees of heaven had permitted.—Whatever may happen, it is of little importance to the unfortunate Columbus, whether the honour of finishing these discoveries and forming establishments, be reserved for some one happier than himself, provided your majesty, and your successors reap the glory and advantage. If, by God's permission, Mendes arrives in Spain, I doubt not that he will succeed in convincing your majesty, and my august mistress, that it is not a chateau and park that I have added to your dominions, but a whole world, with innumerable subjects, a soil fertile beyond example, riches exceeding all the imagination can conceive, or avarice covet.

But alas! not Mendes, nor this letter, nor any mortal tongue, can describe the troubles and sufferings of mind and body which I have endured, nor the dangers and miseries to which my son, my brothers, and my friends are exposed! For more than ten

months have we lain in the open air on the decks of our vessels, run aground on the coast and fastened together. Those of my people who have kept their health, have mutinied, at the instigation of Perras of Seville; those who remained faithful are sick and dying. We have consumed all the provisions of the Indians, so that they have abandoned us; thus famine menaces us with death.—To these evils are joined so many aggravating circumstances, that in truth it would be difficult to find on the face of the earth, a being more wretched than Columbus. One would think that heaven aided the rage of my envious enemies, and imputed to me as crimes my discoveries and my services!—Oh Heaven! and you ye saints who inhabit it! Permit the king, Don Ferdinand, and my illustrious sovereign Donna Isabella, to know, that I am the most miserable of men, and that I have become so, only for my zeal for their service and interest!

No! there can be no suffering equal to mine! I see with horror the approach of my destruction, and still more that of my brave companions, who have sacrificed all to follow me.

Almost sinking under the weight of my misery, what avails the titles of *Viceroy* and perpetual admiral, except to render me more odious in the sight of the Spanish Nation? It is evident that every thing conspires to shorten the thread of my life; for, besides that I am old and cruelly tormented with the gout, I languish and expire under infirmities. Among savages, with whom I find neither remedies nor aliments for the body, nor Priests nor Sacraments for the soul; in the midst of rebel crews, with my son, my brother, my friends, sick and perishing with pain and hunger, and deprived even of the succour of the Indians!

The bishop of St. Domingo sent a messenger here, but it was rather to inform himself whether I was dead than to offer me assistance, for his people neither brought nor would receive, a letter, and refused even to speak to us; for which I conclude my enemies are waiting with the expectation, that my voyages and my life will terminate here.

Blessed mother of God, who compassionates the unhappy and the oppressed! Why was I not suffered to perish, when Cenell Bovadilla ravished from us, my brother and myself, the gold we had so dearly acquired, and sent us to Spain, loaded with chains, without the least pretence of justice, or the shadow of a crime!

These chains are the only treasures which remain, and I will have them interred in

my tomb, if a tomb is allowed me! For I wish for the honour of the Spanish name, that the remembrance of an act, so tyrannical and unjust, should be buried with me.

My death would have deprived Ovanda of the satisfaction of seeing us, ten or twelve months afterwards, all the victims of the envy of men, as inexorable as the fatality of circumstances.—Ah! holy mother of God! let not the Castilian name be tarnished with new infamy.—Let not future ages know that there existed men so vile, so cowardly as to seek to recommend themselves to Ferdinand, by destroying the too unfortunate Columbus, not for his crimes, but for his exclusive right to the glory of having discovered and given a new world to Spain.

Great God! it was thy work. It was thou who didst inspire and guide me in this enterprise! Take then pity on me, soften in my favour those hearts, which still feel the sentiments of humanity and justice!

And you ye blessed spirits, who know my innocence, and see my sufferings, have compassion on the age in which I live, too envious and too much hardened in vice, to be affected by my fate.

No hope remains to console me but my reliance on the piety and justice of future generations. They certainly will pity me, when they shall learn, that at my cost and expence, at the risque and peril of my life, and that of my brother, and with little aid from the Crown of Spain, I have rendered to it, in the space of twelve years, and during our voyages, services such as mortal never before rendered to his king and country—and the only recompence I have received, is to be left to perish, after having stripped me of every thing but my irons; so that the man who gave a world to Spain, has not a cabin in which he can shelter himself or his wretched family.

Good angels! Protectors of the innocent and oppressed! Bear this letter to my august mistress. She knows all I have suffered in her glory and her service, and she will be humane and just enough to snatch from misery the soul and brother of the man who has opened to Spain such inexhaustible sources of wealth; who has added to her dominions, kingdoms and empires of unknown extent. She will not suffer them to beg the bread they eat. If she still lives, she will dread least the cruelty and ingratitude with which I have been treated, may provoke the anger of Heaven, to punish a succeeding generation for the transgression of their fathers, by permitting other nations to despoil the Spanish empire of the riches and the world which I have discovered.

"Profiles" of Eminent Men.

(From Sewall's Poems.)

(CONTINUED.)

JUVENAL.

JUST, though severe, thy dread satiric page!
Unblushing vice and folly feel thy rage.
Villains and fools, the rabble, and the great,
Each pimp of pleasure, and each knave of state,
Noble, and vulgar, share one common fate.
Arm'd but for VIRTUE, this dread champion rose,
Launch'd the red bolt, and hurl'd it on her foes.

OVID.

O'er fancy's fairy fields thou lov'st to range,
Vast thy invention! wond'rous ev'ry change!
In LOVE's soft school, unrival'd skill inspires,
Dame VENUS prompts thee, and young CUPID fires!

VIDA.

Vida in rich, but imitative lays,
Inspir'd, from HOMER cull'd each flow'r and grace.
Divinely sweet, did MARO's charms dispense,
And taught the "sound to echo to the sense."

ARIOSTO.

Astonishing invention! bard, is thine;
Resistless magic charms in ev'ry line.
Imagination fertile as thy clime,
On ev'ry scene is stamp'd, and soars sublime.
See the mad HERO death's grim terrors brave!
The furies o'er h's head blue torches wave,
ORLANDO rages! and the MUSES rave!

TASSO.

Tasso did HOMER's mighty genius scan,
And from th' immortal ILIAD form'd his plan,
See GODFREY and RINALDO strive, then own,
So strove ATRIDES and great PELIUS' SON;
One muse both bards inspir'd, then be their glory one.

CHAUCEER.

Chaucer, thou merriest bard of ancient time!
How hum'rous all thy tales in prose and rhyme!
A fund of genuine satire through thy page,
Unbounded flows, thou laughter-loving sage!
Cull'd from the laurels that adorn thy hearse,
Each pilf'ring bard in *theirs* thy lays rehearse,
Replenish'd from thy spring, thou sire of British verse.

SPENSER.

Spenser with pleasing allegory charms,
Profuse of Giants, Dwarfs, and Steeds, and arms.
Enchanters, wizards, damsels in sore plight,
Not to be freed but by some courteous knight.
Such artful tales amuse an early age,
Excite to manly deeds, heroic rage,
Refine the manners, and all hearts engage.

SHAKESPEARE.

Sweet Bard of fancy, nature's darling child!
His native wood-notes how he warbles wild!
Aw'd by his nod, elves, witches, ghosts, obey,
Kneel to his power, and own his magic-sway.
Excursive o'er creation's bounds he flies,
Strikes his all-potent wand, and bids new worlds arise.

Pleas'd with the ideal scenes, we range alone,
Explore each part, and think 'tis nature's own.
Adieu blest bard! thy works shall never die!
Re-hears'd on earth, re-acted in the sky,
Enhancing human bliss thro' all eternity!

MILTON.

Muse of this favor'd bard, inspire my lays!
Immortal as his numbers be his praise.
Lost Bliss he sang, of ANGEL, and of MAN,
The SAVIOUR'S triumphs, and REDEMPTION'S plan.
On themes so wond'rous feast the angelic throng,
Nor seraphs blush to chaunt the immortal song!

WALLER.

When WALLER sings, the tuneful muses throng,
All emulous to lead th' impassion'd song.
Lur'd by fair SACCARISSA'S heav'nly charms,
LOVE joins the sacred band, and lends his potent arms.
Enrich'd with all that genius can bestow,
Resistless flow thy strains, and shall for ever flow.

COWLEY.

Cowley's rich strains the source of wit inspir'd,
Of all Apollo's sons, once most admir'd.
With sparkling points luxuriant teems the lay,
Like the bright confluence of the milky way.
Exub'rant shafts of wit successful prove,
Yet never fail to pierce when tipt with LOVE.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 13, 1802.

NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

WE invite discussion on this important subject. The observations of SENEX, this day presented to our readers, may perhaps by some be thought too warm; but on a subject so deeply interesting to our national character, this warmth is certainly pardonable. Every man who unites the character of the gentleman and the scholar, must feel a glow of indignation, when contemplating the degraded state of literature in this country,—from whatever source it may arise.

The SONG with MUSIC, intended for last month, has been delayed through some unavoidable circumstances—It will however be given next week.

MEMORABLE OCCURRENCES.

Melancholy Effects of Slavery.

ON the 6th inst. a melancholy instance of the effects of slavery, was witnessed. A Negro man, belonging to a Frenchman in Trenton, was, under the authority of the Mayor of that place, taken in charge by a constable, to be delivered at New Castle, where a vessel was ready to convey him, his wife and child, (and probably many o-

thers) to St. Domingo. The constable, negroes, and a French gentleman, who appeared to act as superintendent, arrived in town that morning, about 4 o'clock, stopped at the house of Mr. P. Howell, innkeeper, in Second-street, and about 8 o'clock, when they were apparently ready to depart for New Castle, the woman and child absconded, and the man on being ordered into the carriage, turned about, walked a few steps, and with a pruning knife, which seemed prepared for the purpose, cut his throat in so shocking a manner, that he expired in a few minutes after on the pavement. A Coroner's inquest was immediately held—and a verdict given, viz. "Suicide, occasioned by the dread of slavery," to which the deceased knew himself devoted. [Poul. Gaz.

[From the Ohio Gazette, Oct. 4.

SOME time in July last, Mr. William Warner, of this county, was lost in the woods, between the Scioto Salt-works, and the head waters of Leading Creek, for twenty-four days; during which time he had nothing to eat but one pole-cat and a wood-turtle, (neither of them were cooked) and the buds and leaves of trees, principally eating those of the sassafras. When he saw the pole-cat, his strength was almost exhausted, but found means to kill it, and with his teeth (having no other instrument,) tore it to pieces, and of this animal, (even the sight of which, to a person not in a similar situation, is very disagreeable) he made a most delicious meal. During twenty-two days he saw no human being; but two days before he was found by Mr. Everett, he was seen by a hunter, at a time when he was quite deranged, who not knowing his situation, passed on without affording the relief which he did not know was wanting. One of his feet was bit by a snake, having lost his shoes, in consequence of which he was obliged for several days to go on his hands and knees. At first he discovered no inclination to eat, but when he had tasted victuals, nothing but the superior strength of those to whose hospitality he was indebted for his recovery, prevented the remedy proving worse than the disease.

[From the Vermont Mercury.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

ON Thursday, the 7th inst. a son of Simon Griggs of Colwell's Manor, about 6 years of age, having found a rope at the end of which was a noose: in a playful mood, put one end round his body the other end on a cow's tail. A servant was milking the cow at the time the boy was fixing his rope, but did not observe what the boy had done. Soon as the cow was milked, the boy struck her with a stick, which occasioned her to run, dragging the boy after her. The cow made for the lake, into which she ran, it being but a few rods distant: In her course, the boy was drawn over a log, against which his head hit.—Mrs. Griggs, observing the dreadful situation of her son, ran immediately into the water, caught the cow, and from which she extricated her son, by cutting the rope—but alas! she was too late, her son having already expired!

FEMALE HEROISM.

PETERSBURGH, (Russia) July 30.

THE Czarina of Irinskaya, who governed the kingdom during the minority of her son, aged 19 years, was

the victim of a conspiracy of the principal boyars of the country. Her son was thrown into prison, but she escaped by stratagem the persecutions of the rebel chiefs, and made a journey of 1300 German miles, partly on horseback and partly in a kiribitka (a kind of chaise) to Petersburg, to implore the assistance of the Emperor. The emperor has accorded a body of 16,000 men to assist her in the recovery of her kingdom. This state lies upon a level with Mount Caucasus, and contains 1,500,000 inhabitants and is governed by an Emperor, who has the title of Czar—The Czarina is a tall well formed woman, of about 36 years age. The step she has taken is a proof that her resolution and tenderness for her son are above all regard to danger and difficulty.

[From the Baltimore American.

CURIOSITY.

On a lot belonging to Mr. Siansbury, and under the culture of R. Hales, in this city, there grew this season, from one root, 55 Pompions—twenty-two of which were perfectly mature. This extraordinary vine, being measured in the presence of several respectable citizens, was found to be 1618 feet in length and the 8 1-8 in circumference.

Marriages.

MARRIED. On the 6th inst. Mr. Charles Mercier, to Miss Rebecca Summers, both of this city.

Deaths.

—, At Wilmington, on the 1st inst. John Ferriss, jun.—The Board of Health have entered on their minutes the following just tribute to the memory of this amiable character.

"Sensible of the loss which the citizens of this place in general, and this Board in particular, have sustained in the death of our worthy fellow-labourer, John Ferriss, jun. who left this transitory, for we hope a happier state of existence, seven minutes before 3 o'clock this afternoon. We conceive it to be our duty, and we are impelled by our feelings, to insert on our minutes a record of his extraordinary services:—the prevalence of the Yellow Fever of 1798, first made us acquainted with his efforts and disposition to relieve the afflicted; but the present year has more intimately informed us of his usefulness.—As soon as the disease appeared, which has made such ravages among our citizens, and consigned 82 of them to their silent graves, he commenced his arduous services, and during its continuance did not for a single day intermit his attention to the sick, the dying, and the dead.

"The first mentioned he was in the constant practice of visiting twice a day—he took upon himself the care of the funerals of the latter. When after having performed a serious tour of duty—a duty enjoined by his commiseration for the distressed, anxiety for their relief—he fell—a victim—a late sacrifice to his exertions—for the happiness of others—and left on the hearts of his fellow citizens a grateful remembrance of his labours and his virtues."

—, At Wilmington, of the malignant fever. On the 26th ult. Et. 29, John Martin; also, Col. Thomas Kern. Mordecai Cloud. Jonas Alrichs, useful and respectable citizens.

—, In this city, on the 5th inst. Et. 23, Mr. Robert J. Senickson, a native of Salem, New-Jersey, by the death of this worthy young man we are deprived of a sincere, humane, and generous friend.

—, On the 7th inst. Et. 40, Mrs. Mary C. Lohra, wife of Peter Lohra, esq. of this city.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

*Address to the DEITY on the late awful pre-
sages of the Yellow-Fever.*

HAIL! awful MAJESTY! supremely good;
In all thy dispensations strictly just;
In judgments and in mercies still the same:
In all thy various acts *unchangeable*.
Whether in ministering thy copious blessings,
Diffusing rich beneficence to man;
Or in thy goodness, mixing kind correctives
To thy rebel race—Thou changest not.
Ev'n when dire pestilence, thy awful rod,
Brings terror and dismay, sickness and death;
Still Thou art good! since nothing but thy love
Could urge to deeds so cogent to reclaim.
Thy chastisements are fraught with love divine,
Thou' nought but terror seems to guide thy hand:
In dreadful judgments still thy love's display'd,
'Tis ignorance in man, that sees thy wrath.
(How paradoxical the thought! to think
The Deity's of opposites compos'd;
A compound Deity of Love and Wrath!
Incongruous! 'tis worse!—'tis blasphemous!)
No, blessed Lord! thyself Thou hast reveal'd,
A God unmixed and pure, of perfect love:
Ev'n when in anger, seemingly thou chidst,
'Tis like a Father kind, chast'ning his son,
For when thou chasten'st man, thou hast declar'd—
Kindly declar'd, it is because thou lov'st:
Hast thou not lov'd, thou never hadst chastis'd,
For whom thou lovest, those thou dost correct.
Hail then, GREAT GOD OF LOVE! in all thy ways,
In storms or tempests, scarcity, or war;
Or the more dreaded form of pestilence,
We'll hail thee still a GOD OF PERFECT LOVE,
Teach us, GREAT SOVEREIGN OF THE UNIVERSE!
Perfect submission to thy holy will,
And due improvement of thy dispensations,
Then only, shall we see Thee as Thou art,
A GOD OF PERFECT LOVE.

PHILADELPHUS.

ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

O THOU, whose gentle, pleasing sway,
Mankind so ardent, anxious hail!
Whose eyes illumine the darksome day,
Whose smiles o'er Penury prevail;
Goddess! behold thy suppliant bends:
O come, thou ever constant friend;
Emit one ray of light divine,
And warm with thy pure fire this trembling heart of mine.
When first thy Heav'n-born parent mild;
Sent thee thro' earth's wide climes to roam,
This precious charge she gave her child,
Go make the gentle breast thy home.
Thou can'st, sweet Goddess, from above,
Ere harbingers of Virtue's love;

Thou bad'st Ambition's demons fly,
And blest the lonely walks of sorrowing Poverty.

Peace, thy twin-sister, lovely child!
In flowing robe of native sheen,
With gentle step and accents mild—
Heaven's glory beaming in her mein!
With thee descended, Virgin bright,
Companion in thy social flight:
Her olive emblem waving high,
Shew'd to th' admiring world the force of harmony.

Where thou thy altar lov'st to raise,
The virtues there a radiant band,
To thee their friend attune their lays,
And smiling wait at thy command.
Sorrow with fleet-steps hies away,
And jealousies that hates the day,
And envy dark and busy care,
And wrinkled, hollow-ey'd, wan, comfortless despair.

Thou fill'st the hardy sailor's soul
With careless ease, as round him flies
The roaring wind—when billows roll,
And raise their white foam to the skies.
He envy's not the pomp of kings,
But takes his glass and cheerily sings:
Happy, when the wild-winds assail,
To think on her he loves and brave the furious gale.

The Peasant on the mountain's brow,
Sees, calmly sees the landscape wide:
He pants not for the vales below,
Where flocks in pastures rich abide.
His little cot is all his care,
Where wife and children fondly share
His tender looks devoid of guile—
And as they round him throng enchant him with a smile.

Oh, favourite of Heaven! here
Direct thy flight and fill my breast,
With thy sweet influence thro' the year,
And lull tumultuous cares to rest.
Then should Misfortune, haggard queen,
Attempt to cloud life's sylvan scene,
With thee, my Patroness and guide,
I'll smile at all her arts and all her frowns deride.

FLORIO.

ODE TO AN INFANT.

SWEET gentle babe! what winning smiles
Around thy countenance play!
What joy thy infant heart beguiles,
To gild thy dawning day!

No mad ambition fires thy brain;
No discord fills thy breast;
No hate or envy gives thee pain,
To rob thee of thy rest!

When balmy slumbers close thine eyes,
Sweet peace pervades thy soul;
Gay visions to thy fancy rise,
—And ever changing roll.

Thy parents gaze upon thy charms,
With rapturous pure delight;
What fond emotions and alarms,
Thy opening years excite!

For thee they heave the tender sigh,
And but for thee alone!
They hear aggrieved thy plaintive cry,
And make thy case their own.

Should gracious Heav'n prolong thy life,
And lengthen out thy years,
O may thy heart ne'er know of strife,
Nor eyes affliction's tears!

May guardian angels watch thy steps,
And thee thro' life befriend:
May truth flow purely from thy lips,
And on thee e'er attend:

May health strew roses o'er each cheek
And long maintain their bloom;
And in thy bosom virtue meek
Her spotless throne assume:

May poverty's afflictive pain,
Ne'er cause desponding grief—
May misery never plead in vain
To thee for kind relief.

When death, at last, shall close thine eyes,
And seize upon thy frame!
Then may no foe thee stig matise,
Nor blast thy honest frame!

Then may thy soul (free from alloy,)
To Heav'n direct her way,
And taste of sweet perennial joy,
In everlasting day.

ORLANDO.

Versification of Select Passages of OSSIAN'S Poems.

DESCRIPTION OF FILLAN.

FILLAN is like a spirit of heaven, that descends from
the skirt of winds. The troubled ocean feels his steps,
as he strides from wave to wave. His path kindles be-
fore him. Islands shake their heads on the heaving seas.

VERSIFICATION.

FILLAN is dreadful as a heav'nly sprite,
That awful from the skirt of winds descends.
The troubled ocean trembles 'neath his weight,
As o'er the waves his awful way he bends.
His path before him kindles into flame,
And glowing horror o'er the ocean sheds;
And as the waves his dread approach proclaim,
The trembling islands shake their massy heads.

CARLOS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* * Subscriptions for this Paper, are received at
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pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance
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swerable for the money as it becomes due.

POSTSCRIPT.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

DUELLING has become of late so fashionably expedient among all ranks of society, that the disputes of the *Plebeians* are adjusted after the same manner as those of the *Patricians*, and even beardless boys and whiskered soldiers grasp the weapons of death upon the most trivial provocation. A few days since an unfortunate disagreement occurred, in which a spectacled Knight of the Press, and a hardened follower of Vulcan were the well-tempered disputants.—*Cyclops* it seems had forged on the anvil of invention, a report detrimental to the great reputation of *Brevier*. In return for a libel so palpable, *Brevier* denounced by a fount of type, first chop, that unless a suitable apology was made, he would metamorphose his adversary into a *Pie*.—Inheriting a portion of the courage of the grandson of Jupiter, *Cyclops* disdained concession.—On the wings of irritation the injured Knight flies to the covert of a friend, pours out his hapless tale of woe, and begs advice in this great affair.—His friend, whose passions were not so sensible of injury, and whose wicked wit sought every occasion to gratify his wishes with sport for laughter, advanced the following proposition. That for the injury which *Brevier* had received, *Cyclops* should state an acknowledgement; and in case of refusal, that the combatants, attended by seconds, surgeons, sexton, coffin-maker, &c. should partake of a gun-powder rencontre behind the Hospital.—The challenge was conveyed and accepted, and the next evening accompanied by their suite, the intrepid *Brevier*, and the iron-hearted *Cyclops* manned the plain:—

Spurr'd on by insults past,
Each to kill, or breathe his last."

Whether humanity for the life of man, or personal fear, actuated the seconds, the chronicles of rumour are silent.—The pistols, however, were deprived of ball, unknown to enraged *Brevier*, and *Cyclops*, directed by the seconds, fell at the second discharge, pretending that he was wounded desperately. The second apprized *Brevier* of his situation,

and for fear of the fetters of law, he flew to the remotest recesses of his garret, trembling with apprehension lest he should have slain a young man to his hurt. At night, when peace ought to pervade the world, a loud knocking at *Brevier's* door, conjured to his affrighted imagination a *posse committatus*.—By great exertions he effected his retreat without beat of drum,—and by a forced march of five miles up the Germantown road, in all the majesty of mud, he took part of a horse's bed, in a hospitable stall at hand. The next morning, plucking up courage to meet the worst consequences, this Knight, with woeful countenance, made a retrograde march to the city, and found that *Cyclops* was well, and that he had only constructed that net of stratagem to punish the premature bravery of a ridiculous braggadocio. Yours,

SAM SQUINT.

A MUSEMENT.

AN Irish footman being one dark night sent for some beer, took with him the key of the street door to let himself in; and having tipped off three or four glasses of gin and bitters at the bar, he could not on his return home open the door. After having tried in vain for sometime, another of the servants heard him, and at letting him in, asked him what the devil he had been about so long? "You may say that, (said Pat) you may indeed, for I have been a quarter of an hour trying to unlock the door, but while I was gone to the ale house, some of your rascally London thieves have stolen the key-hole, but it will be of no use to them, for I have the key in my pocket."

In a select company, some time since, the topic of conversation chanced to be what university each of the company was educated at: one was at New Haven, and the other at Cambridge. For my part, says a young clergyman, I was educated at both universities—New-Haven and Cambridge. That puts me in mind, says an old doctor in divinity, of a story of a calf that sucked two cows! And what was the consequence, says the young clergyman? why, the consequence was, replied the doctor of divinity, that he was a very great calf.

The Worm Doctor.

Vagus advanc'd on high, proclaims his skill,
By cakes of wondrous force, the worms to kill:
A scornful ear the wiser folks impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art;
But well can Vagus what he boasts, perform;
For man, as Job has told us, is a worm.

IMPROMPTU

On a Lady having told the Author, she valued him not "Three skips of a Louse."

A lady once told me, and in her own house,
She cared not about me "three skips of a louse,"

I forgive the dear creature, whatever she said,
For Ladies will talk of what run in their head.

EPIGRAM.

Citizen Plum had a quarrelsome wife;
Music was ever the cause of their strife,
Madam, one day, was abusing her dear—
The topic, as usual, his want of an ear!
"Hold thy tongue!" replies Plum, "for heav'n's sake, do;
"I prythee consider, that I have got two!"

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Proposals may be seen, and subscriptions received by the Editor, R. SHAW, No. 13, South Fourth-street.

OCTOBER 30.

31.

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And jealousies that hates the day,
And envy dark and busy care,
And wrinkled, hollow-ey'd, wan, comfortless despair.

Thou fill'st the hardy sailor's soul
With careless ease, as round him flies
The roaring wind—when billows roll,
And raise their white foam to the skies.
He envy's not the pomp of kings,
But takes his glass and cheerily sings:
Happy, when the wild-winds assail,
To think on her he loves and brave the furious gale.

The Peasant on the mountain's brow,
Sees, calmly sees the landscape wide:
He pants not for the vales below,
Where flocks in pastures rich abide.
His little cot is all his care,
Where wife and children fondly share
His tender looks devoid of guile—
And as they round him throng enchant him with a smile.

Oh, favourite of Heaven! here
Direct thy flight and fill my breast,
With thy sweet influence thro' the year,
And hush tumultuous cares to rest.
Then should Misfortune, haggard queen,
Attempt to cloud life's sylvan scene,
With thee, my Patroness and guide,
I'll smile at all her arts and all her frowns deride.

FLORIO.

ODE TO AN INFANT.

SWEET gentle babe! what winning smiles
Around thy countenance play!
What joy thy infant heart beguiles,
To gild thy dawning day!

No mad ambition fires thy brain;
No discord fills thy breast;
No hate or envy gives thee pain,
To rob thee of thy rest!

When balmy slumbers close thine eyes,
Sweet peace pervades thy soul;
Gay visions to thy fancy rise,
And ever changing roll.

Thy parents gaze upon thy charms,
With rapt'rous pure delight;
What fond emotions and alarms
Thy opening years excite!

For thee they heave the tender sigh,
And but for thee alone!
They hear aggrieved thy plaintive cry,
And make thy case their own.

Should gracious Heav'n prolong thy life,
And lengthen out thy years,
O may thy heart ne'er know of strife,
Nor eyes affliction's tears!

May guardian angels watch thy steps,
And thee thro' life befriend:
May truth flow purely from thy lips,
And on thee e'er attend:

May health strew roses o'er each cheek
And long maintain their bloom;
And in thy bosom virtue meek
Her spotless throne assume:

May poverty's afflictive pain,
Ne'er cause desponding grief—
May mis'ry never plead in vain
To thee for kind relief.

When death, at last, shall close thine eyes,
And seize upon thy frame!
Then may no foe thee stig matise,
Nor blast thy honest frame!

Then may thy soul (free from alloy,)
To Heav'n direct her way,
And taste of sweet perennial joy,
In everlasting day.

ORLANDO.

POET 0000

Versification of Select Passages of OSSIAN'S Poems.

DESCRIPTION OF FILLAN.

FILLAN is like a spirit of heaven, that descends from the skirt of winds. The troubled ocean feels his steps, as he strides from wave to wave. His path kindles before him. Islands shake their heads on the heaving seas.

VERSIFICATION.

FILLAN is dreadful as a heav'nly sprite,
That awful from the skirt of winds descends.
The troubled ocean trembles 'neath his weight,
As o'er the waves his awful way he bends.
His path before him kindles into flame,
And glowing horror o'er the ocean sheds;
And as the waves his dread approach proclaim,
The trembling islands shake their massy heads.

CARLOS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* * Subscriptions for this Paper, are received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents each Number, payable every four weeks; or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.

POSTSCRIPT.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

DUELLING has become of late so fashionably expedient among all ranks of society, that the disputes of the *Plebeians* are adjusted after the same manner as those of the *Patricians*, and even beardless boys and whiskered soldiers grasp the weapons of death upon the most trivial provocation. A few days since an unfortunate disagreement occurred, in which a spectacled Knight of the Press, and a *hardened* follower of Vulcan were the well-tempered disputants.—*Cyclops* it seems had forged on the anvil of invention, a report detrimental to the great reputation of *Brevier*. In return for a libel so palpable, *Brevier* denounced by a fount of type, *first chop*, that unless a suitable apology was made, he would metamorphose his adversary into a *Pie*.—Inheriting a portion of the courage of the grandson of Jupiter, *Cyclops* disdained concession.—On the wings of irritation the injured Knight flies to the covert of a friend, pours out his hapless tale of woe, and begs advice in this great affair.—His friend, whose passions were not so sensible of injury, and whose wicked wit sought every occasion to gratify his wishes with sport for laughter, advanced the following proposition. That for the injury which *Brevier* had received, *Cyclops* should state an acknowledgement; and in case of refusal, that the combatants, attended by seconds, surgeons, sexton, coffin-maker, &c. should partake of a gun-powder rencontre behind the Hospital.—The challenge was conveyed and accepted, and the next evening accompanied by their suite, the intrepid *Brevier*, and the iron-hearted *Cyclops* manned the plain:—

Spurr'd on by insults past,
Each to kill, or breathe his last."

Whether humanity for the life of man, or personal fear, actuated the seconds, the chronicles of rumour are silent.—The pistols, however, were deprived of ball, unknown to enraged *Brevier*, and *Cyclops*, directed by the seconds, fell at the second discharge, pretending that he was wounded desperately. The second apprized *Brevier* of his situation,

and for fear of the fetters of law, he flew to the remotest recesses of his garret, trembling with apprehension lest he should have slain a young man to his hurt. At night, when peace ought to pervade the world, a loud knocking at *Brevier's* door, conjured to his affrighted imagination a *posse committatus*.—By great exertions he effected his retreat without beat of drum,—and by a forced march of five miles up the Germantown road, in all the majesty of mud, he took part of a horse's bed, in a hospitable stall at hand. The next morning, plucking up courage to meet the worst consequences, this Knight, with woeful countenance, made a retrograde march to the city, and found that *Cyclops* was well, and that he had only constructed that net of stratagem to punish the premature bravery of a ridiculous braggadocio. Yours,

SAM SQUINT.

AMUSEMENT.

AN Irish footman being one dark night sent for some beer, took with him the key of the street door to let himself in; and having tipped off three or four glasses of gin and bitters at the bar, he could not on his return home open the door. After having tried in vain for sometime, another of the servants heard him, and at letting him in, asked him what the devil he had been about so long? "You may say that, (said Pat) you may indeed, for I have been a quarter of an hour trying to unlock the door, but while I was gone to the ale house, some of your rascally London thieves have stolen the key-hole, but it will be of no use to them, for I have the key in my pocket."

In a select company, some time since, the topic of conversation chanced to be what university each of the company was educated at: one was at New Haven, and the other at Cambridge. For my part, says a young clergyman, I was educated at both universities—New-Haven and Cambridge. That puts me in mind, says an old doctor in divinity, of a story of a calf that sucked two cows: And what was the consequence, says the young clergyman? why, the consequence was, replied the doctor of divinity, that he was a *very great calf*.

The Worm Doctor.

Vagus advanc'd on high, proclaims his skill,
By cakes of wond'rous force, the worms to kill:
A scornful ear the wiser folks impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art;
But well can Vagus what he boasts, perform;
For man, as Job has told us, is a *worm*.

IMPROMPTU

On a Lady having told the Author, she valued him not "Three skips of a Louse."

A lady once told me, and in her own house,
She cared not about me "three skips of a louse,"
I forgive the dear creature, whatever she said,
For Ladies will talk of what run in their head.

EPIGRAM.

Citizen Plum had a quarrelsome wife;
Music was ever the cause of their strife,
Madam, one day, was abusing her dear—
The topic, as usual, his want of an ear!
"Hold thy tongue!" replies Plum, "for heav'n's sake, do;
"I pr'ythee consider, that I have got two!"

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OCTOBER 30.

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